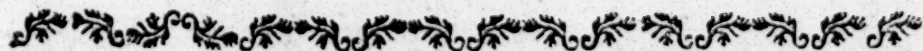
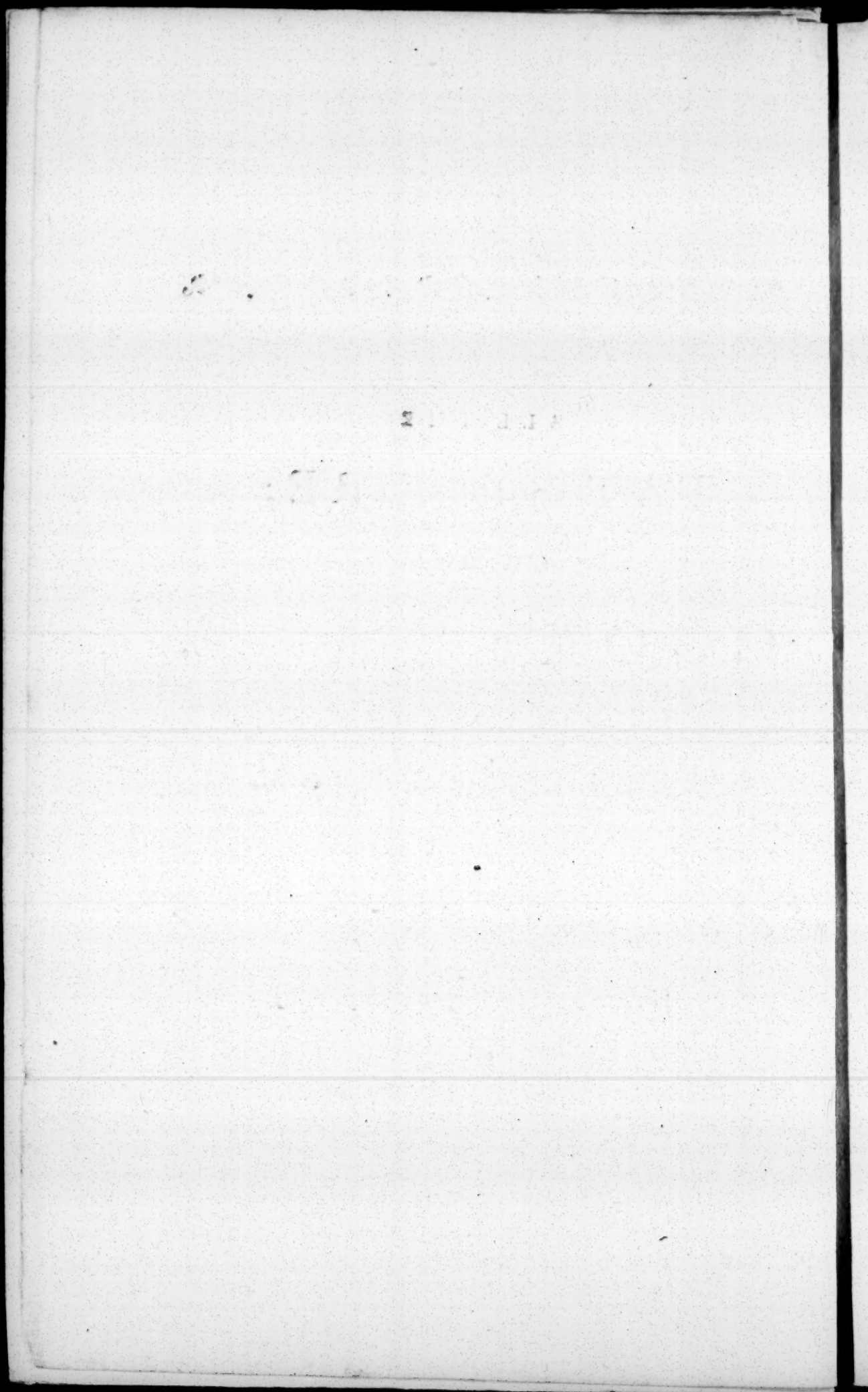


ALL THE
FAT in the FIRE;
OR THE
COOK's TALE.
A
BURLESQUE POEM,



[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

9. Shilling



ALL THE
FAT in the FIRE;
OR THE
COOK'S TALE.

A
BURLESQUE POEM,
IN

HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

The Story's extant and wrote in very choice Italian.

HAMLET.

Addressed to all Lovers of Old English Hospitality,
but more particularly to the COOKS of both Sexes.

By their most obedient humble Servant,

To which is added,

A Collection of POETICAL PIECES,

ALL ORIGINALS.

No poor Pretence to catch at Fame,
I covet not a Poet's Name,
Nor Plunder any author's claim;
My Verse a Critic may offend,
I sue for Candour in a Friend.

}
}

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, and sold by the Booksellers in
Town and Country.

MDCCLXVI.

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T H E

C O O K ' s T A L E .

BY merry Boccace we are told,
 In fruitful Italy of old,
 There dwelt a worthy knight he says,
 The master-spirit of those days:
 For generous mind he bore great Fame,
 Like barons old of English name;
 Whose plenteous living princely state,
 Is witness'd still by ruins great
 His castle grand beyond equality,
 The very feat of hospitallity:
 For noble folk the great resort,
 Like Simon Montfort's antique court.
 Much lov'd he mirth and gallantry,
 As much affected chivalry,
 Say those, who saw his armory.

B

}

In

In place adjacent to the door,
 Were daily fed the neighbouring poor;
 No fawning tell-tale he would hear,
 But each one did his favour share;
 Nor good old servant set aside
 To gratify a fav'rites pride.
 'Mong other things the knight was rich in,
 You never heard the like o' th kitchen;
 Inspir'd by every grateful smell,
 And all the modes of living well,
 Proceed primæval muse to tell!
 O' th' wondrous place, so large and high,
 And of the well stored pantry nigh:
 Whose healing nostrums authors tell ye,
 Took wrinkles out of every belly.
 Such rare old stingo went around,
 'Twould make a poet's heart rebound;
 (For generous wines full well you know,
 Can make harmonious numbers flow.)
 Such racks of bacon, hams, and chines,
 Of cheese and butter magazines;
 Such loads of meat they did provide,
 Such poultry, game, and fish beside,
 Such coppers, ovens, fires to warm ye,
 You'd think sufficient for any army;
 Such dressers, shelves, and blocks o' wood,
 With every other thing that stood

I' th' province of the kitchen squire,
 To tell you all my muse would tire.
 Tho' some say farther still than that,
 The fight alone would make one fat.
 I guess the truths I now advance,
 Your saving moderns call romance;
 Or else they 'll say I have mistook
 My plan and promis'd tale forfook.
 Stay gentle sirs; I mean no more
 Than preface how they lived of yore.
 To candid ears I'll make concessions,
 And pardon ask for my digressions;
 Which being granted I presume,
 The thread o' th' tale I'll now resume.

Of servants that the knight maintain'd
 A jolly cook his kitchen claim'd;
 In savory science bore the bell,
 Could dress his story up as well;
 Knew what to humour did belong,
 Could crack a joke or sing a song:
 His bonny face and fat o' th' rib,
 Did well bespeak his master's crib.
 He was of stature most stupendous
 When in a passion as tremendous,
 As most cooks are when in hurry,
 To any object of their Fury

He

He lov'd besides his lawful wife,
 A certain wench above his life;
 And should we credit what folks say
 Of reigning vices at this day,
 Some tardy neighbours err that way.
 Such would not blame him; one so witty
 You seldom see, so smart, so pretty,
 Of whom our cook was one day boasting,
 A bustard at the fire was roasting.
 In comes the girl with eggs new laid,
 For then she was a farmer's maid.
 She ogled in his face a while,
 Bewitched him with a wanton smile,
 Us'd wheedling arts as practis'd, when
 Coquets ensnare unwary men.
 She stroak'd his chin, and squeez'd his hand;
 And said could you but understand
 My cooky how at heart I love you,
 T'oblige me now it does behove you:
 For if you love your faithful peg,
 To prove it, cut me off a leg.
 Not suspecting her intention,
 Cook started at the very mention;
 Of consequences fore afraid,
 No argument he left unsaid.
 He urg'd the danger of the case;
 As loss of life: at least of place.

Name

Name any thing but that alone,
 I sooner durst cut off my own.
 To' th pantry go, and eat a custard,
 Cold fowl, or Tart; but that same Bustard,
 Is for my master's table drest;
 Who dines to day with many a guest;
 And I assure you once for all,
 To day he keeps a festival.
 Now 'twas suspected without fabling
 That cook with Peggy had been dabling
 Th' effect of which began to spring,
 And swell beneath her apron string.
 Custard, she cried! eat it yourself
 Is this your love for me you elf?
 A man should hazard limb or life
 At such a time, for wench or wife.
 She coax'd again with fresh petition,
 And minded him of her condition;
 Affected grief and tears let fall,
 But wip'd 'em soon, and that was all:
 And then she cast a wishful Look
 Upon the bustard, not the cook.
 Miss now could long for a tit bit
 Sure what she saw upon the spit
 She lik'd but one thing more than it.
 Of which I've told you just before
 She'd had enough or rather more.

}

He

He scratch'd his pate, and looking wild,
 Thought he, I should not mark the child;
 And muttering to himself quite, low,
 Said what to do faith I not know,
 'Tis plain she longs or she'd not tarry,
 If baulk'd, perhaps she may miscarry;
 For should the child have bustard's feet,
 Spectators will be shocked to see't;
 Or should it have no legs at all
 Good Women me hard names will call;
 Or else infer some vile conclusion,
 Tending at least to my confusion.
 Peg rous'd him from his reverie,
 Insisted loudly on her fee,
 As some return for many a favour,
 Said nothing else but that could save her.
 Don't think, cries she, with me to dally
 This is no time for shilli shalli.
 I'll have it straight or breed a riot.
 My dear says he do pray be quiet.
 So finding she would not be put off,
 A leg for her, he rashly cut off.
 His heart was in his mouth the while,
 His tears did so his love beguile.
 With highest gout she eager eat,
 And relish'd the forbidden meat,
 The Prohibition made it sweet.

}
Thus

Thus woman's fancy fix'd as fate
 Must be indulg'd at any rate.
 You'll have no quiet if they 're crost.
 Tho' we must answer to our Cost.
 In gratitude to make him easy,
 She kiss'd and wispered goodman greasy,
 As one good turn deserv'd another,
 What was between 'em she would smother.
 And should he like it, she would rather
 The butler be the child should father.
 Something reviv'd from sad reflection,
 My dear, he cry'd, I've no objection,
 A lucky thought, quoth he, my honey
 'Tis best for you too he's worth Money.
 But dinner's ready now says he,
 Much danger do I risk for thee.
 She kiss'd him then in arm'rous way,
 And said she could no longer stay.
 He usher'd her quite thro' the hall
 Tho' wish'd, she had not come at all.
 Thus men oft hazard life or fame
 To gratify a lawless flame;
 Yet grudge the virtuous wedded dame.
 Each guest now arm'd with knife and fork,
 Impatient for to fall to work.
 The Pages carry'd up the dinner;
 To ruminate, they left our finner.

'To see the Bustard mutilated,
 The master's temper aggravated.
 Was ever man serv'd such a trick,
 Call up the cook, that villain, quick ;
 The cook in his own grease was stewing,
 Well knowing of the storm a brewing.
 Hilloa, cook, my master wants you,
 Have a good heart, let nothing daunt you.
 But he was frighten'd bad enough,
 And sweat some drops of kitchen stuff,
 He felt himself, he knew not how,
 And with his apron wip'd his brow :
 Bestowed on Peg some bitter wishes.
 And tumbl'd o'er some plates and dishes.
 His head did swim, his heart did ach,
 Yet up he went like bear to stake,
 And now arrived in th' room,
 Which probably he did presume ;
 His Master gave him such a look
 As startl'd much the guilty cook.
 Sirrah come here and answer straight,
 No quibbling Sir ! regard your fate,
 I would not spare you tho' my brother,
 Here is one leg, where's the other ?
 The trembling cook all in a flurry,
 His speech suspended by the hurry ;

This

His honour he durst not provoke,
 Bethought him of a witty stroke;
 He knew a lye was his averfion,
 So answer made with this affertion;
 Protefting as his name was John,
 That fort of buftards had but one.
 The Master made up of good nature,
 Chose for that time to drop the matter.
 To-morrow you with me fhall ride,
 A horfe for you I fhall provide.
 When I don't fear believe me true,
 I fhall convince you they have two.
 To-morrow came, and horfe at gate,
 He with his master, mounted ftraight;
 The cook expecting penal doom,
 Would willingly have ftay'd at home.
 He crofs'd himfelf with benediction,
 For why he needed no conviction.
 But as they rode acrofs a common,
 Cook thought he faw a lucky omen.
 Oh! Sir, fays he, on yon high land,
 Behold a flock of buftards ftand
 Upon one leg, a proof fo recent,
 I hope this time you'll think fufficient.
 The master feem'd him not to hear,
 But to the buftards rode up near.

He crack'd his Whip, and cry'd shoo, shoo,
 At which the Bustards ran with two
 Legs, as all other Bipedes do.
 And like a frightened booby star'd
 At sight of which the cook was scar'd
 Uncertain if to pray or swear,
 The crisis of his fate so near.
 With fear he most profusely sweat,
 Could hardly keep his saddle seat.
 Ods fish quoth he, I'm now undone,
 I see the scoundrels how they run;
 And feel myself in dismal plight,
 E'en now they're almost out of sight.
 No good to me from hence portends,
 Deceiv'd by those I thought my friends:
 Ah! me, that thoughtless act I rue,
 Would I were foremost of yon crew,
 What shall I think, or say, or do?
 And then in cogitation deep,
 Sat motionless like one asleep.
 The knight who saw the cook's distress,
 His situation well could guess;
 He too aside at him did leer,
 Expecting of the blow severe.
 Now says his lord, your most obedient;
 What subterfuge? What new expedient

Have

} Have you, your crime to palliate,
Sentence reverse, or mitigate?

The cook sore sick o' th' expedition,
Yet hearing beg'd by his permission.

With ready wit his lord bespoke,
But still pursu'd the former joke.

Now Sir, says he, I do declare,
This practice on them is not fair;

Had you at dinner yesterday,
While that same fowl before you lay,
But cry'd shoo, shoo, it would no doubt
Have stretch'd the leg in question out.

Well, says his master, for this time,
I do excuse you of your crime.

A word well spoken if well taken;
Your wit for once, has saved your bacon;
Your future conduct, if you mend,
You may preserve, your quondam Friend.
Be cautious men, take heed by this
Our tale, of female artifice.

Lead sober, chaste, and virtuous lives;
And make good husbands to your wives.
Beware, of each fair tempting bait.
So shall no terrors on you wait
As once disturbed our culprits state.

BARE BONE HALL,

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

For any thing that's mean, they say,
 *To Bare Bone Hall enquire your way :
 Where Englishmen can ne'er grow fatter,
 †As long as Sawney licks the Platter ;
 Where 'tis not now as in times past,
 Soon break your neck, as break your fast.
 ‡A pimping steward, weighing spratts,
 Pinching th' allowance of the catts.
 They save the parings of their nails,
 And rob the servants of their vails.
 Who murmur low, and feebly swear,
 No meat, or drink, or mirth is there.
 Their sad dejected looks I trow,
 Do indicate each others Woe ;
 How should they satiate Nature's calls,
 While famine reigns, and naked walls?

* A certain great Man's house near St. J——.

† In the imperial court of Morocco, an honor conferred by the Emperor on some great favourite only. See an account of South Barbary, by Simon Ockley.

‡ Alluding to a print of a certain great man's kitchen.

No coppers smoaking, fires a burning;
No ovens heating, spitts a turning.

A meagre cook this Place abides,

|| A contrast quite to Bacon Sides;

Meer animated skin and bone,

A hideous stalking skeleton.

His fall'n chaps and belly case,

Declar'd the mis'ries of the place

Which stary'd the whole Mæonian race.

In short he was enough to scare ye,

Like Romeo's apothecary.

Gnaw Post his name, the scoff among

Your market Folks of vulgar tongue.

His greatest dainties were indeed,

A haggis, or a sing'd sheep's head;

And these not common as they say,

* But only on a holliday.

Of liquor, small they had beside

Than what dame nature did provide.

† Great Boots was vapouring in a post:

Swearing he there would rule the roast;

Had all the tyrant's cruel arts,

To domineer o'er broken Hearts.

|| The jolly cook. See the Cook's Tale.

* For instance, tenth of June, &c.

† An overgrown bully, a sort of drawcanfir,

A scheme he was intent about,
 If victuals they cou'd live without.
 This scheme a shuffling name receiv'd,
 In acceptation not beleiv'd.
 CE-----y of state invention,
 In some folks mouths a meer pretension,
 Now means nor more nor less at all,
 Than robbing Peter to pay Paul.
 Ha! Says my muse whom have we hit on,
 Is that Colossus the North Briton,
 Whom master W----s so oft has writ on. }
 They forc'd away that lad o' mettle,
 For daring once to skim the kettle;
 Paid no regard to Boot's desire,
 But threw the fat into the fire.
 He sqinted at his bonnet blue
 And lampoons made on you know who.
 He us'd to cry smoak Sawney's b--h
 And notes made on a certain Speech;
 In which he plac'd his words awry,
 Which ruin brought or pillory
 On all who finger'd had i' th' pye;
 Hard fate say you, and so say I.

THE CUMÆAN LYON.

TIS an ancient observation,
 Cowards are insolent in station ;
 This point to prove and illustrate
 A fable brief I shall relate.
 An ass once found a lyon's skin,
 It fitted him so wondrous trim
 You'd swear it had been made for him.
 Now puff'd with pride, and power vain
 Intoxication seiz'd his brain ;
 A ranker coxcomb ne'er did live,
 Or further push'd prerogative,
 Passive obedience did enjoyn,
 Insinuated right divine.
 To play the Tyrant he'd a notion,
 The servile where at his devotion.
 Now subtle arts, tyrannic words
 Were us'd, to over awe the herds ;
 To hesitate at any rate
 Was treason to his regal state.
 At first the hinds and rural nation
 Retreated with precipitation.
 He struck a panic thro' the plain,
 The beasts from him all flew amain,
 And tastily allow'd his reign.

}
 }
 His

His highness being thus array'd;
 One day forgot himself and bray'd.
 A sturdy boor him then suspected,
 And soon the specious cheat detected,
 Him with a hedge stake he pursu'd
 And fought for, thro' each field and wood,
 Adjacent to that neighbourhood ;
 At length he got him at a bay,
 And fell to work without delay ;
 Disrob'd the mimic lyon great,
 Reduced him to his proper state.
 The hedge stake then he well apply'd,
 And most severely bang'd his hide ;
 The afs expos'd to open view,
 Felt now himself but equal to
 The brethren of the long ear'd crew.
 All who e'er while, were so afraid,
 Insulting him, did now upbraid.
 They jeer, and taunt, as he would pass
 There goes they say the lyon afs.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

When human asses such we find,
 Who study to enslave mankind ;
 In freedom's cause it is no sin
 To strip 'em of their lyons skin.

THE

THE SERPENT AND THE FILE.

Addressed to those Persons who advised the enforcing the A-----S-----duties by military Power.

UPON a genial summer's day,
 A serpent prone pursu'd his Way,
 From flow'ry ambush where he lay,
 Reptile with poison; deadly spite!
 Impatient what he first should bite.
 His teeth by nature his defence,
 Fell enemies to mortal sense.
 A file by chance did lay aside
 The way this horrid snake did glide.
 For goodness, form, and mark, I take
 This file to be of western make:
 But being old was in disgrace;
 'Tis many an old servant's case.
 Out of my way thou metal vile!
 The serpent said, you Mr. File;
 Or else my anger you shall feel
 For stopping me, thou rusty steel.
 Object of my first adventure,
 Take my stamp and my indenture.
 The humble file in his existence,
 Self secure without assistance.

D

A

A coat of mail was his reliance,
 To all impression bade defiance;
 But th' angry serpent like a fool
 Eagerly gnawed, and licked the tool
 Upon the file some blood he found,
 Well pleas'd he turn'd the file around;
 And then he lick'd, and gnaw'd again,
 And writh'd his tortur'd jaws with pain.
 Back on himself he did recoil,
 More fierce he did attack the File.
 But now each tooth was broke to th' root,
 His tongue was fill'd away to boot.
 Convinc'd too late, he understood,
 He had been licking his own blood.
 The file said, Sir, you now may see,
 There's room enough for you and me;
 Let poor folks rest in liberty
 May bloody Lunatics like you
 I' th' end their cruel Measures rue;
 You shou'd have better known before,
 Too late, your Fate you now deplore.
 Lo! now th' event of this campaign,
 As he defenceless crawl'd amain,
 Was by a trifling reptile slain.
 Ye culprits in whatever station.
 To you belongs the application.

To

TO Mr. CUNNINGHAM, on his PASTORALS.

A CCEPT, sweet poet, of a friendly muse
 Nor let thy modesty the theme refuse,
 Tho' unadorn'd, yet honest is the lay;
 Music Town I love, but cannot play;
 Stranger to art, and thee, to Notice dead,
 Whose verse, but for thy name, would not be read.
 How are we charm'd to hear thy oaten reed,
 And think we see thy flocks, thy cattle feed;
 Each rural scence, so well describ'd admire,
 Enjoy the country by a city fire.
 Such native sweetness, easy, happy strains,
 The language only of th' Arcadian plains;
 While others labour at the past'ral line,
 Faint copies they at best but nature thine.
 Such beauteous landscapes, Gay and Phillips drew.
 Their flow'ry laureat wreaths descend to you
 As heir of Fame, unrival'd long to wear
 Among blyth nymphs and sheperds ev'ry where
 Resume thy pipe, indulge thy fav'rite vein
 As long as taste, or sense with us remain,
 Thy works can never fail to entertain,

On a sick NIGHTINGALE, to a lady.

AH could my muse, but like thee sing
 I'd soar above the common wing,
 In plaintive notes, lament thy case,
 Despairing to supply thy place
 Dear Chloe, should thy songster dye
 Adieu you say to harmony;
 What nostrum, can its health restore
 What new essay, untry'd before
 You've spar'd no cost, refus'd no pains
 Chloe, but one resource remains
 That breast, where drooping flowers thrive
 Thy fainting bird will soon revive

To the same, or her Singing at a Party of Plea-
 sure, sailing down the River.

Whilst cynthia sung, all angry winds lay still,
 Cynthia, whose voice, as well as eyes
 can kill,
 Smit with the captivating sound
 Respectful silence reign'd around.
 The feather'd songsters of the sky
 Hover'd on wing, and listen'd nigh;

Mild

Mild zepthers breath'd a gentle gale,
 And softly fill'd the trembling fail.
 Charm'd with the magic of her tongue,
 The wanton water danc'd along;
 Each little billow strove to stay,
 Tho' nature forc'd it away,
 Preceeding Waves they following chide
 And all together blame the tide.

THE OLD MOUSE, and her FAMILY.

AN aged mouse with Pain oppress'd;
 She thus her infant race address'd;
 Since I am hasting to my end,
 Children says she my words attend;
 If when I'm dead, ye mean to thrive,
 At least my councils keep alive;
 As ye may forage now and then,
 For mice must eat as well as men;
 Least ye be taken in the rear,
 Let your retreat be safe and near;
 When e'er ye see a trap or gin,
 Suspect the specious bait within,
 If when the dairy milk ye dare,
 To drink, take heed of drowning there;
 P' th' cupboard only without dread,
 Freely regale, when all's in bed;

It is the treasury I trow,
 More thieves than you do thither go,
 But should you nibble cheese in press,
 A hungry mouse can do no less
 Take care I say of milk maid Bess:
 With fierce grimalkin at her heels,
 Who after fly, as bailiff steals,
 Grimalkin is a savage beast
 On mice as well as cheese will feast
 A hundred sons iv'e lost at least
 Grimalkin cruel as a Lyon,
 Look sharp about, and keep an eye on,
 Although she winks as if asleep,
 She's plotting schemes, and mischief deep;
 As sad experience may ye teach,
 If any come within her reach;
 Grimalkin has devouring jaws,
 Grimalkin has a tyrant's claws.
 The Mother thus express'd her fears,
 Behold her offspring all in tears,
 And waiting if she could perceive,
 By answer any there might give,
 If this discription of their foe,
 By nat'ral instinct they should know:
 Her youngest son then answer'd pat.
 Mother we guess what you'd be at,
 Grimalkin is the tabby catt

Extem-

EXTEMPORE on the MILLINERS.

Addressed to a lady on occasion of the Milliners
crowding their shop windows with caps, &c.

I can't endure, to see obscure,
Each Female's shop I meet,
I hate those pins and capuchines,
That hide their persons sweet.

When phillis neat of Cornhill street,
From compting house I view,
Fondly I stare, nor know nor care,
How one and one make two.

Her lilliy hands, put caps and fans,
To intercept my sight,
Ribbands and lace, too hide her face,
They blind the window quite.

The SCRIBE and the SCRIBLER.

Thomas the scribe, and Tom oft' meet,
Shake hands, and smoak, or drink, or eat,
And then on various topics treat ;
Thomas well vers'd in subtle lore,
Now reads mankind, books long before,

His

His words well chosen, few tho' fit,
 Replete with grave, or merry wit;
 Tom's head with poetry is fill'd,
 Tho' to be plain but meanly skill'd;
 To scribbling not a little prone,
 But men of genius him disown,
 Yet Tom reads rhimes, and words will torture,
 While Thomas smiles, and tipples rorter.

On a handsome young Widow's pererring and
 marrying an old Gentleman.

C U P I D S U R P R I S E D .

MECANICS one and all agree,
 But for what reason I can't see,
 That polished steel is sharper far,
 Than any other metals are :
 I know not whence this notion came,
 The author's country, or his name ;
 'Tis hard to say who had a hand in
 An error of so long a standing ;
 But if you'd have the thing more clear,
 From truth undoubted made appear,
 Patience a little, and you shall hear.
 Cupid to Tunbridge t'other day,
 As some folks say when post away ;

}
 And

And they maintain with equal reason,
 That 'tis his custom every season.
 With care he choose his sharpest dart,
 And aim'd it at Corinna's heart ;
 The point was made of polish'd steel,
 As modern histories reveal :
 In vain he choose his dart with care,
 It struck, but could not enter there.
 How's this ye powers? a woman's heart,
 Resist the force of Cupid's dart,
 A widow's too, I'll try again:
 Not yet ye powers, what can this mean?
 Of darts I've wasted all my store,
 And see her heart, whole as before ;
 But one remains, a pointless dart,
 Batter'd and crack'd in ev'ry part ;
 'Tis needless to throw this, I'd lay
 'Twill break to pieces in it's way ;
 Howe'er I'll try my luck once more,
 It can't be worse than those before.
 So said, his bow the youngster bent,
 Straight flew the dart, and in it went.
 What riddle's this ? I swear 'tis odd,
 By Jove, and ev'ry other God !
 That the worst dart in all my quiver
 So very deep a wound should give her,

E

When

When all my other darts, but hold,
I smook the cause, the point was gold.

ODE the tenth, second BOOK of HORACE.

ALL gracious Heaven, give me and give my
Friend,

Through the mid-path of life our steps to tend,
Alike from want and princely cares exempt,
Sunk beneath envy, rais'd above contempt.
Impending storms affright us on the main ;
'Too near the shore, the lurking rocks our bane.
The rapid wind the stateliest pine o'er powers,
And the dread thunder shakes the highest towers.
The man whom wisdom guides in ev'ry state,
Prepares to meet the sudden turns of fate.
Now fickle fortune frowns, she smiles anon,
As sunshine follows rain, as rain the sun.
Jove, the world's master, bids the tempest roar,
At Jove's almighty nod the tempest's o'er.
Apollo sometimes lays his bow aside ;
Music and death Apollo's time divide.
Then come what will, prepared for either state,
With minds unshaken let us bear our fate,
Whether obscurely, mean, or eminently great. }

CHLOE

CHLOE COY. By a GENTLEMAN.

WHEN with raging love oppress,
 And warmest wishes in my breast,
 I sometimes woo thee, with a sigh,
 To ease a Lover's pain you cry,
 Leave off the stuff, and let us prove
 The blessings of platonic love.
 Strange doctrine this, scarce understood,
 By ears like mine of flesh and blood;
 When in sweet, tho' grave discourse,
 We sometimes pass the cooler hours;
 And in the philosophic gloom,
 Talk of evils that may come;
 The changes, chances, sorrows, cares,
 That may attend our growing years.
 I can be grave as well you,
 I can be platonic too;
 But when livelier converse warms,
 And smiles of beauty pour their charms
 To bid me be platonic then,
 Is to bid me, not be man.

CHLOE SINGING. By the same Hand

TIS suckling, now I recollect,
 Has got two lines to this effect,
 “ That all we know o’ th’ blest’d above;
 “ Is that they sing, and that they love.”
 If so, my sweetly charming fair,
 Let’s hand in hand for Heaven prepare;
 We sure shall be, most blest above,
 Since you can sing, and I can love,

Prefented to a Y O U N G L A D Y,
 on Valentine’s Day, by T. S.

THE Sun has chas’d the snows away,
 And spring returns to cheer,
 To make the face of nature gay,
 And gild the infant year.
 Soft joy comes wafted in the breeze,
 And pleasure crowns the scene;
 A brighter beauty cloathes the trees,
 And every field is green,
 The wild musicians of the grove,
 Forsake their straw built bow’r;
 And to the objects of their love,
 Their artless sonnets pour.

No harsh restraint their bosoms know,
 Fair nature rules their choice,
 And all their honest raptures flow
 Unfetter'd as their voice.

While ev'ry tongue salutes the spring,
 And pleasure fills the air ;
 And ev'ry youth prepares to bring
 His tribute to the fair.

That task if I should undertake,
 What present can I send :
 A present that at once may speak,
 The lover, and the friend.

No servile praise thy worth shall wrong,
 Nor violate thine ears ;
 While truth inspires the honest song,
 That beauty seldom hears.
 A song were truth and nature shine
 Without the blaze of art,
 And the muse speaks in every line,
 The language of the heart.

For you, ye gay, fantastic train,
 Who still surround the fair ;
 Say shall the bard your pardon gain
 Who dares to be sincere.

Who

Who dares to say a face alone,
 Could never make him sigh;
 In every line, tho' beauty shone,
 And light'ning arm'd the eye.

The fairest flow'r the spring supplies,
 How swift is it's decay!
 It buds, it blossoms, droops and dies,
 The glory of a day,
 Such is the date of beauty's reign,
 So short liv'd is the joy,
 Which time can waste, or sickness stain,
 Or accident destroy.

To higher worth my soul aspires,
 And bows to beauty's shrine;
 Where virtue lends her sacred fires,
 And points the path divine;
 Where innocence with conscious grace
 Her angel power supplies,
 And glows in blushes on the face,
 Or sparkles in the eyes.

Mine be the maid whose honest heart,
 Whose modest worth disdains,
 To view with joy the lover's smart,
 And triumph in his pains.

In whom the graces all conspire,
 To captivate and please,
 With female softness, manly fire,
 And dignity with ease.

She in whose mind all virtues shine,
 That can adorn the breast ;
 All gracious Heaven let her be mine :
 Let fate dispose the rest.
 The muse no further can express ;
 Be this the poet's fame,
 That all who know her may confess
 He need not add her name.

By T—— S——, on his Disagreement with
 a L A D Y he Courted.

HAS Chloe then my suit deny'd ?
 Can she reject my love's petition ?
 And is it certain that her pride,
 Will now accept of no submission ?

I walk'd with Phillis in the park,
 Was that my crime ? dear girl consider,
 I fear me much you'll miss your mark ;
 You'll scarcely meet an higher bidder.

Well !

Well! then it seems, I am undone,
 A pox upon you, and your flirting,
 The play I thought was just begun,
 And you, yourself have dropt the curtain.

You thought perhaps that your disdain,
 With sorrow and despair would fill me
 You see your error---to be plain,
 'Faith Chloe love will never kill me.

A plan more pleasing i'll pursue,
 I'll neither hang, nor drown, nor smother,
 One sweetheart I have lost, 'tis true;
 But 'tis not hard, to find another.

DEATH AND THE CHAMPION,

A DREAM.

A Champion dreadful to assail,
 His body sheath'd in coat of Mail,
 His figure fearful to behold,
 His armour shone like burnish'd gold;
 A sword, and spear, and target strong,
 Pronounc'd him son of vict'ry long:
 His courage equal to his strength
 The King of terrors came at length;

As

At once the fatal hero old,
 Assaulted fore, the warrior bold,
 The nimble champion step'd aside,
 Each awkward pass did well avoid,
 Push'd carte, and terce, with care did watch,
 For death, almost an over match.
 At every pass he gave a shout,
 But death, was ready to give out;
 He little thought of such resistance,
 Another came to his assistance,
 Attack'd the champion close behind,
 The wounded man on earth reclin'd,
 And just expiring as he laid,
 The first advanc'd and to him said;
 Ah! mortal should you not have known?
 There are more deaths than one alone.

A NEW SONG. By T. S.

WHY so angry at my love,
 Do you think me still to blame?
 All my friends my choice approve,
 You will, when you hear her name.

'Tis not ev'ry face I prize,
 Graceful shape I can withstand,
 Bosom fine, and sparkling eyes,
 Taper leg, or lilly hand.

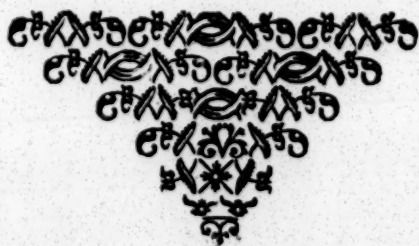
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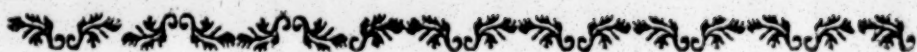
All,

All, and more than these unite,
 In her composition fine ;
 Ev'ry virtue is her right,
 Each accomplishment divine.

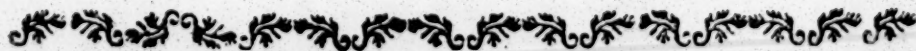
Phillis, that's the fair one's name ;
 Now you'll own with me, and prove,
 None my passion ought to blame,
 None are agents free in Love.

F I N I S,

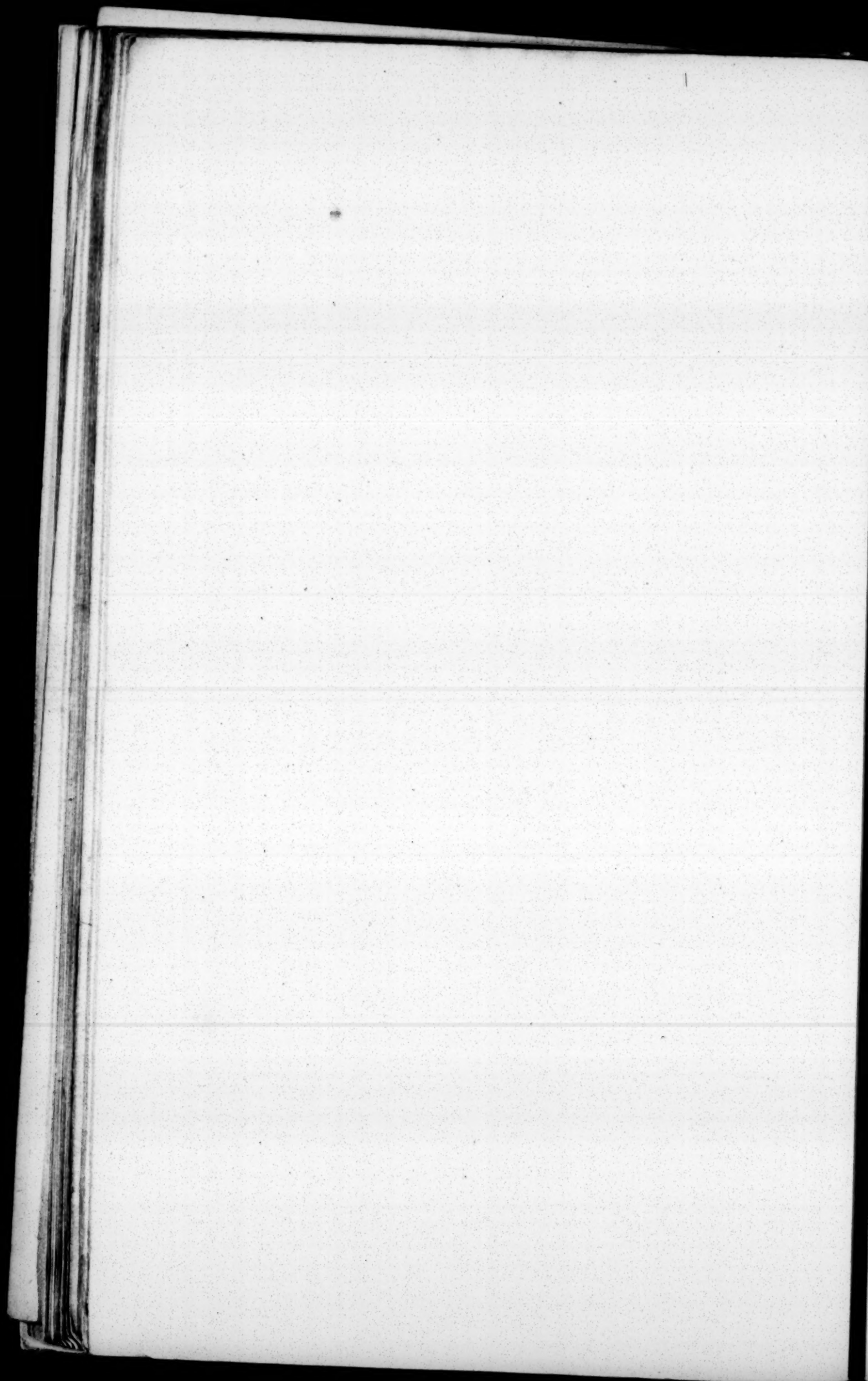




ALL THE
FAT in the FIRE;
OR THE
COOK'S TALE.
A
BURLESQUE POEM,



[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]



ALL THE
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A
BURLESQUE POEM,
IN

HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

The Story's extant and wrote in very choice Italian.

HAMLET.

Addressed to all Lovers of Old English Hospitality,
but more particularly to the COOKS of both Sexes.
By their most obedient humble Servant,

To which is added,

A Collection of POETICAL PIECES,
ALL ORIGINALS.

No poor Pretence to catch at Fame,
I covet not a Poet's Name,
Nor Plunder any author's claim;
My Verse a Critic may offend,
I sue for Candour in a Friend.

}

L O N D O N :

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ERRATA.

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